Camelles Conclusion.

Camelles Conclusion, and last farewell then,
To Churcharde and those, that defende his when.

A Man that hath mo thynges then two, to put hym vnto paines,
Hath euen so many cares the mo to worke hym wery braynes.
So I, that late haue laboured harde, and plucked at my plowe,
Am come to towne, where nowe I fynde mo matters then ynowe.
Mo then I looked for by muche, mo matters to then needes,
Mo makynges and mo medlynges far, then I haue herbes or wedes.
And all agaynst me one alone, a sory symple man,
That toyles and trauailes for my foode, to earne it as I can.
And gladly would in quiet be, to swinke and liue in reste,
But dreamers wyl not suffer me, they nettle so my nest.
A surreioynder, dreamer brynges, the second a decree,
A mariner brings in his boote, and he the thirde wil be.
And so they toyne and combre in ease, god graunt them well to runne
For I shall shewe them if I can, a couenter I haue done.
The dreamer first full well I know, I tooke hym by the sleue,
Whereat the other, as I trowe, are angrye and do greue.
But that no force be as be may, here gothe the beast abroade,
Dreamer awake, marynere rowe, decree man looke abroade.
The beaste will turne I haue a grote, and giue you all a tryp,
Why nowe syrs nowe, nowe foote it well, this beast begyns to skyp.
And fyrst to maister dreamer turnes, and his surreioynder to,
Wherin all thyngs be well he saith, that he dooth dreame and doo.
He dreames he saies and truely meanes, to put thynges in good stay
Shorte syr dreamer, a bandy ho, that ball must nedes away.
If that your dreame haue suche entent, then hath it an effecte,
And that effect your Westerne Wyll, would not haue men suspect:
But take it as a dreame saies he, and fantesy of the head,
A fyner freke by Roode then you, I haue his workes well read.
Altho he chop in choyles termes, and carpes in vncouth speeche,
Yet knowe I with a fynger wet, where wyse men myght hym seeche.
That if he whyp his whirry so, he may chance licke a clowne,
To whyp it vnder water quite, and craire and cariage drowne.
But sens he is become my iudge, and iudgeth me amysse,
In notyng me quite oute of rule, as his wide wysedome is,

He

He shall well knowe, and so shall you, and the decreer too,
That for my rule, when I was yonge, this was I taught to doo.
My father put me firste to schoole, where I a maister hadde:
Of whom I had preceptes and strypes as fitted for a ladde.
He taught me there to feare my god, and loue hym with my might,
To serue the kyng, and pray for hym, and all his counsell vyght.
Then next to honour those my frendes, that kept me so at schoole,
And this whyle I a scholar was, was euery day my rule.
And syns that tyme, my vycar hath full lyke a christen man,
Taught me to treade in goddes hygh waie, and kepe it as I can.
To be obedient to the kyng, and to the lawe also,
And doo my duetie to the powers, and lette their matters go.
Que nostra sunt curare lo, he titled at my dooze,
And bad me paynte it on my postes, and spread it on my flooze.
And leele loue and labour eke, he bad me learne to knowe,
And kepe my plowe for profite sake, and thanke god to I trowe.
And tolde me howe there hanges a bell, within our paryshe churche,
whyche he dothe twange eche mornyng rathe, before we go to wurche,
That tales to me, and others mo, our neighbours there about,
This terme whiche I shall tell you nowe, as I can bryng it out.
Que supra nos, nihil ad nos, this bell tynges vs to kenne:
And this he sayd the bell warnde me, as it dyd other men.
And when I sawe this Dicars when, I was so bolde to tell:
That Dicar in his draffyshe dreame, had not herd this bell well.
And then for thy, forsooth and god, my home and scrape I tooke:
And scratched in a fewe feet lynes, for dreamers on to looke:
And so sir thus I ment no more, but mynded hym to know
His duetie (as I ment myne owne) and farther not to goe,
Tyll in his toyes he tickled me, as lofty ladde on lowde,
And shope me shares to sharpe me with, to carpe out of a clowde.
And if you rolle thus out of tune for raynyng hym this way,
To kepe hym selfe in order suche, as he shoulde doo I saie:
And take the iudgement to your hande, and terme me oute of rule,
Then trowe me well, you turne me wide from Camell to a mule.
Whiche camell can not crouche withall, nor cary with hym home,
But shape and shake it to your selues, like lumpes of your owne lome,
But welaway, I wander wide, for Churchyarde ment it well,
And so he saies, and so say you, and so your writynges tell.
So sometymes houses fyred are, by meanyng well in lyghtes,
And then the meanyng is but marde, & they mad meanyng wightes.
But sens you will needes haue me seke the meanyng of this whan,
Meane it to those whom it dothe touche, and scule it as you can.

And then let wyse men deme and iudge betwene Dicar and me,
Whiche of vs two is out of rule, J meane or J or hee.
And fyrst let me nowe are you all, what signifies this whan?
That caries with hym at his tayle, so great a tarryng than.
Holde is it in hand a present tyme, or future tyme to come?
Or is it *admirantis* woorde, as schoole men call it some.
Jt must needes meane a matter madde, as farre as J can see,
But on go to, your wittes are fyne, meane you it out for me.
Dreamer dothe dreame, and whens vs out, a wondre of these whens,
Wherof some whens are wonders well, and meete for whens niens
But some from gammuth grout and grone aboue cla a note:
And those wilde whens ar whend to large, J dare you gage my cote,
what when is this, that he whens out, when iustice ioynes to truthe?
Whose seate is that? howe ioynes iustyce? dreamer saie on in sooth.
And nodde your noddies nowein one, and make a trinitie.
Full worthily to worke this when, if that it will so be.
And fyrst waie well what iustice is, to whom it dooth pertayne,
who swaies the swoorde, who dooth decree, looke to the matter playn.
Frō whens he comes, what brāche he beares, & who & which him ble,
And answere iustyce to the wronge, wherwith you hym accuse.
And meane your meanyng as you meane, & dreame not in your slepe.
And shewe what holy ordre nowe, in this your when you kepe.
But shorte to make of all your whens, to take the principall,
This is among the rest the worst, and standes the last of all.
when Rex dothe reigne and rule the roste, lo thus you raunge at laste,
A meruailous when that suche a when, should out in print be paste.
Doth not Rex raign sir dreamer now? what whenning term is this?
If Rex reigne not? who reigneth then? a saucy when this is.
And whend at length and large in deede, beyonde a subiectes wit,
That god defend that J should dreame, or that, or like of it.
And yet J trowe J haue a byll for tattall that J solde:
That saies howe Rex hath raigned vi. yeare almost J dare be bolde.
And eyther is your when full false, or my byll is not true,
And whiche is truest of them bothe, let me nowe aske of you.
As for my selfe J make no doubtes, but that your when is wrong.
And that Rex raignes as he hath doon, and shall J trust raigne long.
Which as in schoole J was fyrst taught, to praie that he may doo.
So euery subiect let hym seeke to haue that prayer too.
Thus coulde J touche some other whens, wherin you when at large,
A great deale paste your compasse to, and as muche past your charge.
But those J leaue by lyght of this, for to be scande and sene,
Of those that better iudgementes haue, then you or J, J wene.

And now wyll take your tyne in hand wherwyth you knit your whyn
In publyshing it thus to me, and to all other menn:.
Than baleful barnes be blythe you say, that here in England wonne:
Our stryfe shal stynt you undertake, our dredful dayes are donne.
An assurannce here you make, that baleful barnes we be,
And that in strife we are also, and dreadfull daies doo se.
But God defend it should be true, whych your fal scantycke heddes:
Hath publyght to so open eyes, for to be seene and redde.
For once for me I make no doughtes, nor no good subiect elles:
But we a noble soueraygne haue, as al our statutes tels.
And as al orders els beſydes do wyll vs for to know:
Who gouernes vs and is our head, and rules vs al also.
And vnder hym haue other powers to see that lawe be donne:
To gree and tune vs in accorde, if wee be out of tune.
Under whose rule and order eke, al we that subiectes be:
Do lyue and ioyne as fytteth vs, in one for to agree.
And in the towne where I do dwell, I knowe no stryfe or dread:
But euery man there lyues in tune as subiectes to theyr head.
And meddels not but with theyr plowes, sometime with their bowe:
And prate wyth Peter and wyth Paule, theyr dutyes for to know.
And learne so for to kepe them styll in order as they can:
Except such wranglers wrangle them, with such large whan & than
And so I truste they do els where, whiche for my part I pray,
That longe we may so ioyne in one, what so your whyn dothe say.
But yet suche dreadfull whans & thens, which doth the matter marre
Were better quight, pulled out of syght, then shelued as they are.
And so shewe weſtearne will from me, and Wat and Herman too.
And wyll them wynde their takle well, not as they wont to doo.
For if they leane to learne such whens, it will be longe I feare,
Ere they will channell well their craire, that shulde them safely beare.

Domine saluum fac regem,
& da pacem in diebus nostris.

T. Camel.

The harteburne I owe you is, yf you come to Lynne,
I praie you to take my poore howse for your ynne.

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